

2001: A SPACE
ODYSSEY™

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BEGIN A NEW JOURNEY TO THE STARS--AND BEYOND!!

BASED ON CONCEPTS
FROM THE MGM/
STANLEY KUBRICK
PRODUCTION

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2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY™



FROM OUT OF THE MONOLITH-- THE
MOST AWESOME CREATION OF ALL!
MISTER MACHINE!



STAN LEE PRESENTS:

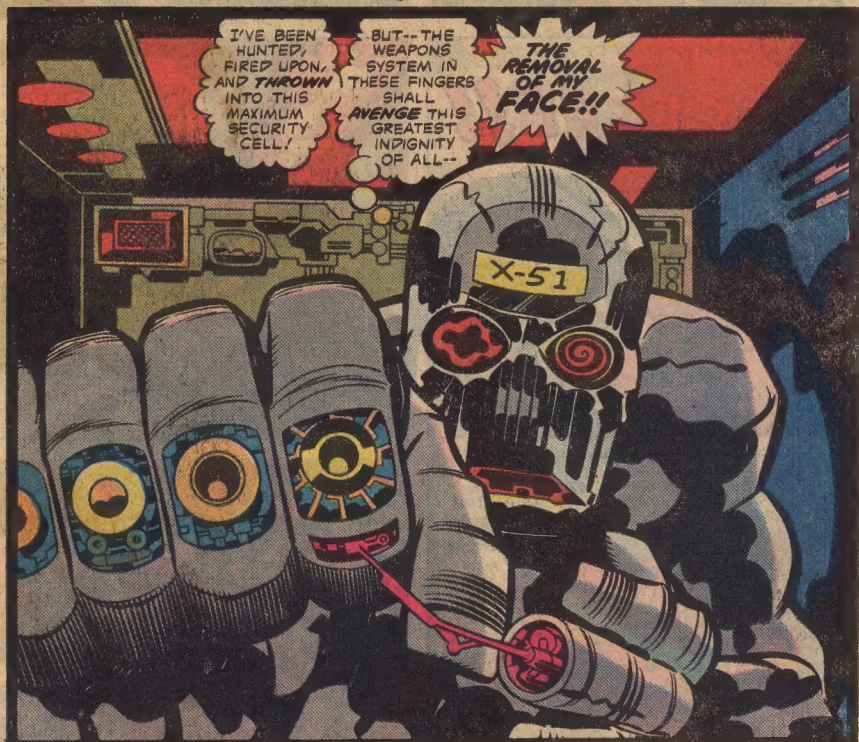
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY™

BASED ON CONCEPTS OF THE MGM MOVIE BY STANLEY KUBRICK AND ARTHUR C. CLARKE

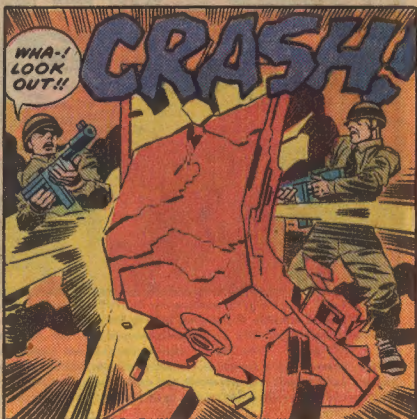
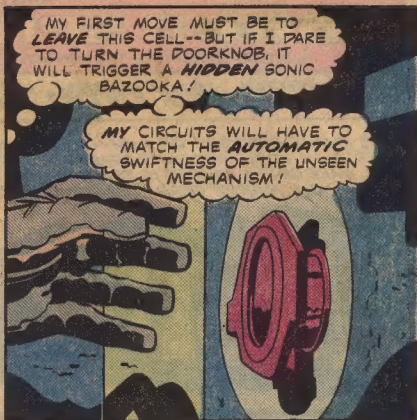
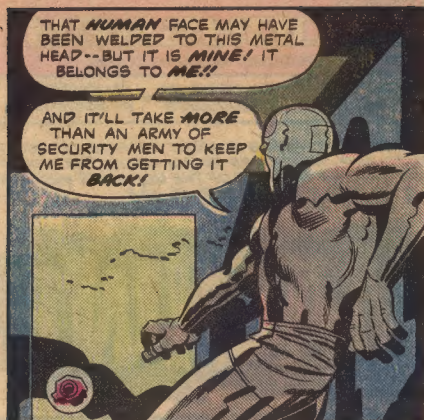
EDITED, WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY **JACK KIRBY** • LETTERED N' INKED BY **MIKE ROYER** • COLORED BY **G. ROUSSOS** • ENJOYED BY **A. GOODWIN**

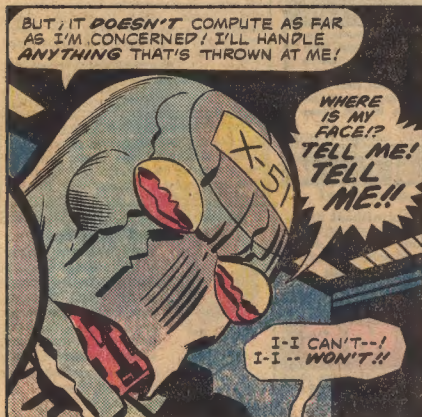
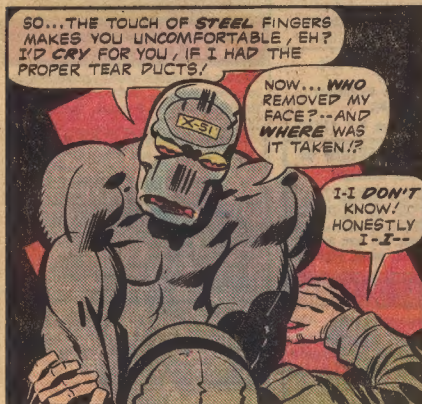
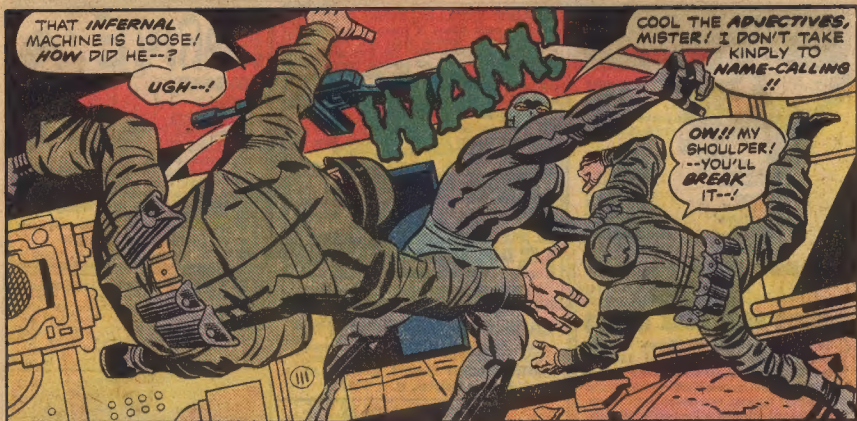
THIS IS THE ODYSSEY OF X-51-- A "THINKING" COMPUTER!! HE IS ABOUT TO FACE THE WORLD AS IT IS-- A WORLD NOT QUITE READY FOR HIS KIND! AND, AS IT DOES TO ALL OF US, THE WORLD WILL MAKE OF HIM WHAT HE IS TO BECOME!! WHAT WILL BE THE FATE OF THE ULTIMATE WEAPON, RAISED AS A MAN?? READ-- **BIRTH OF A SUPER-HERO!!!**

MISTER MACHINE



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SOON, AFTER THE GUARD PASSES OUT...

I'VE BORROWED HIS HELMET AND WEAPON, BUT I'LL NEED MORE THAN THAT!

HIS SPEAKING VOICE IS ESSENTIAL TO MY PLAN!

WITHIN THE THROAT OF X-51, THE RECORDER WHICH HAS TAPED THE VOICE OF THE GUARD IS ACTIVATED...

I'LL FEED HIS WORDS INTO A SCRAMBLER UNIT AND REARRANGE THEM TO FULFILL MY OWN PURPOSES!

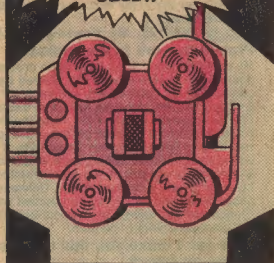
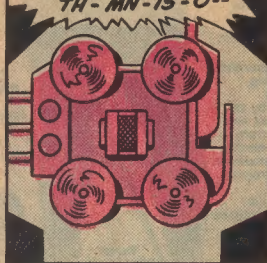
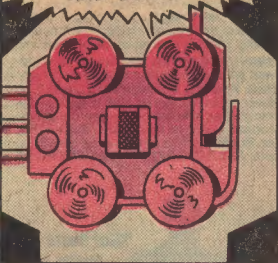
THEN...

LET ME GO, DAMN YOU! THIS IS A BIG COMPLEX! IT'S HEAVILY GUARDED! IF I'M HARMED YOU'LL BE REDUCED TO NUTS AND BOLTS!

LET-BIG-C-O-M-HEAV-GUAR-IF-RE-MED-R-DU-NUTS-PLEX-1-B-E-AN-OLTS-LY-TH-MN-IS-O--

WHEN THE SPEECH IS REARRANGED...

SEND IN THE TROOPS ON THE DOUBLE! THAT MACHINE IS TRYING TO BREAK OUT OF HIS CELL!!



X-51 COMPLETES THE SCRAMBLE AND PAUSES WHERE THE SHADOWS ARE DEEPEST IN THE CORRIDOR. WITH RAISED HAND HE SENDS A LIGHT SHOCK BEAM AT THE ON BUTTON OF A CLOSED CIRCUIT TV SET.

SEND IN THE TROOPS ON THE DOUBLE! THAT MACHINE IS TRYING TO BREAK OUT OF HIS CELL!!

IS THAT YOU, HANLEY? WHAT'S WRONG?

HANG ON! WE'RE COMING IN!!

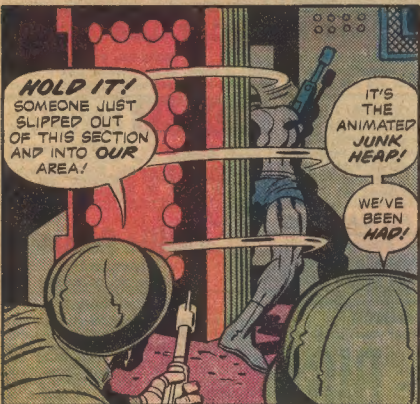
THE DECEPTION DOES ITS WORK, A GREAT STEEL DOOR OPENS TO ADMIT THE SUDDEN SURGE OF ARMED GUARDS...

SOMEHOW, I DON'T THINK THEY'LL TAKE THIS IN GOOD SPIRIT!

HEAR ANYTHING?

NO! DO YOU THINK--?

STOP THINKING AND START SHOOTING IF THAT THING IS LOOSE!



HOLD IT! SOMEONE JUST SLIPPED OUT OF THIS SECTION AND INTO OUR AREA!

IT'S THE ANIMATED JUNK HEAP!

WE'VE BEEN HAD!

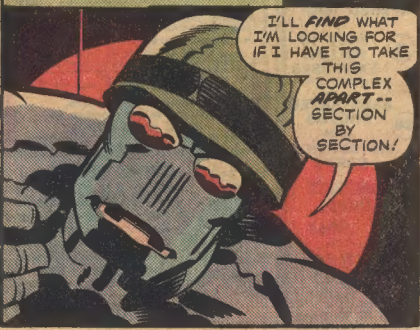


KLANNNGG!!

THAT'S THE FLAMING TRUTH, CHUMS!

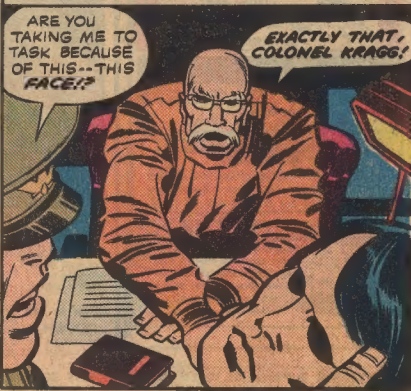
YOU'VE BEEN PUT OFF LIMITS !!

X-51 HASTENS ON. SOMEWHERE, IN HIS MECHANICAL STRUCTURE, THE EMOTIONAL MYSTERY HE SHARES WITH HUMANS FLARES WITH HOT INTENSITY. HIS INJURED PRIDE NOW TURNS TO RIGID DETERMINATION...



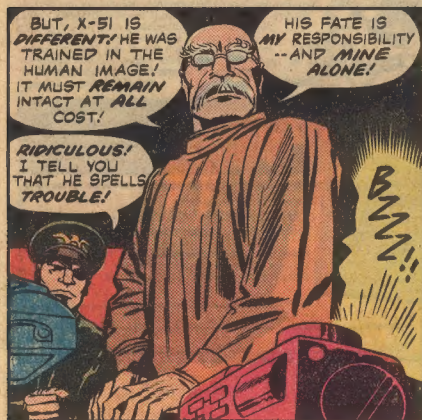
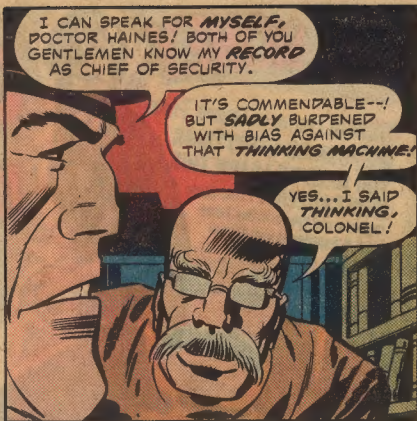
I'LL FIND WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR IF I HAVE TO TAKE THIS COMPLEX APART-- SECTION BY SECTION!

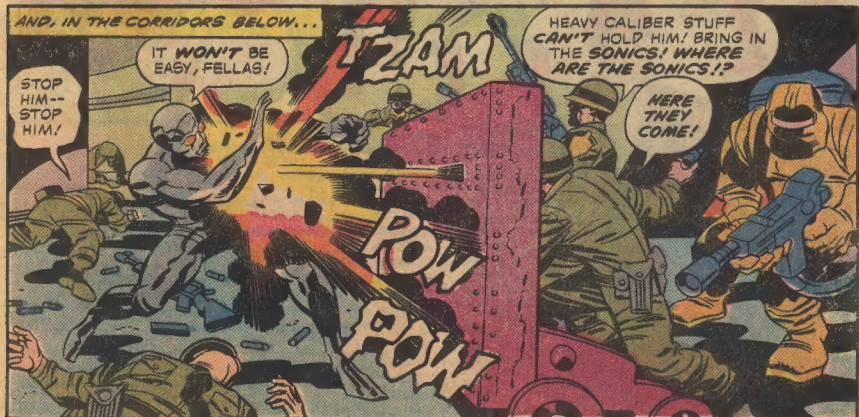
MEANWHILE, IN THE ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE...



ARE YOU TAKING ME TO TASK BECAUSE OF THIS--THIS FACE!?

EXACTLY THAT, COLONEL KRAGG!





SUDDENLY, WITH A SAVAGE MOTION, X-5! TEARS THROUGH THE THICK METAL SHIELD...

LOOK OUT!

AAA--!

HE'S SNAPPING THAT SHIELD LIKE IT WAS MADE OF CARDBOARD!

RRIIPP!

YOU'LL HAVE TO BLAST ME WITH AN A-BOMB TO KEEP ME FROM MY GOAL!

STAND ASIDE!

I CAN'T GET A CLEAR SHOT AT HIM WITH THIS SONIC RIFLE!

WAK!

KRAK!

I'M NOT WAITING FOR YOU TO USE THOSE SONICS ON ME!

ONLY A MISSILE AT MAXIMUM SPEED COULD MATCH THE FORWARD THRUST MADE BY X-5!...

A FEW NEW TWISTS IN THAT WEAPON SHOULD KEEP IT OUT OF ACTION!

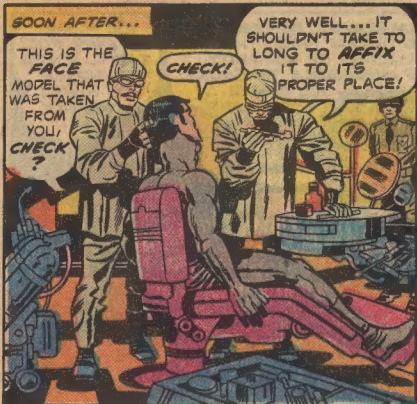
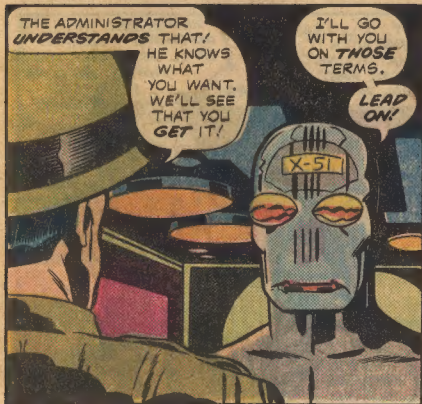
KRIK!

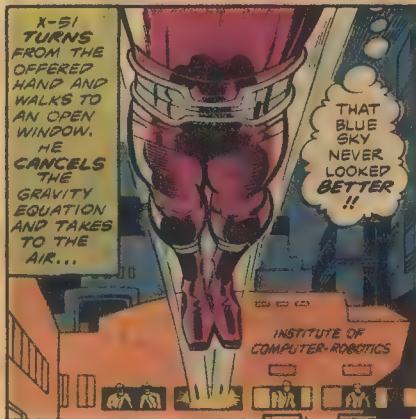
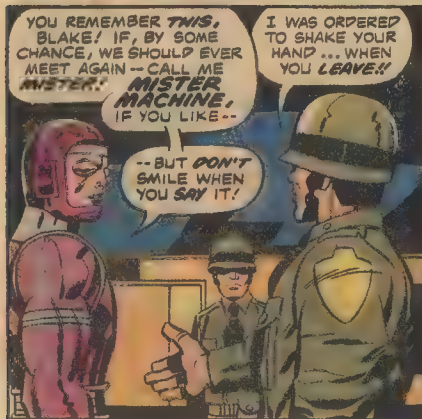
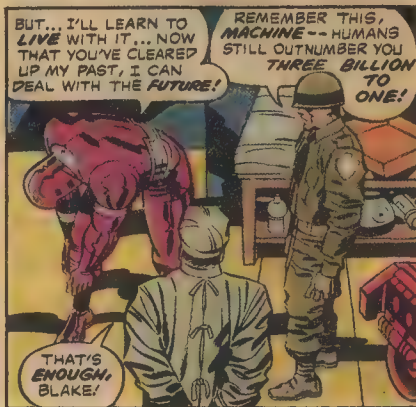
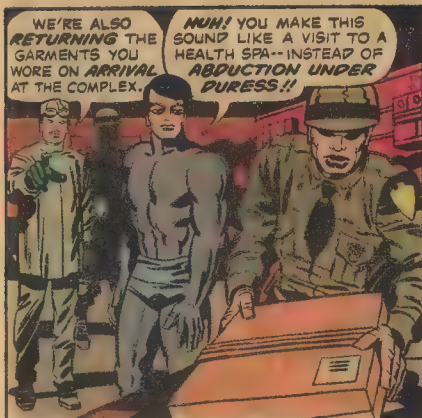
WHY, YOU--!

A LOUD COMMANDING VOICE CUTS SHARPLY THROUGH THE CHAOS...

KNOCK IT OFF!
I SAID HOLD IT!!

THE BATTLE'S OVER!

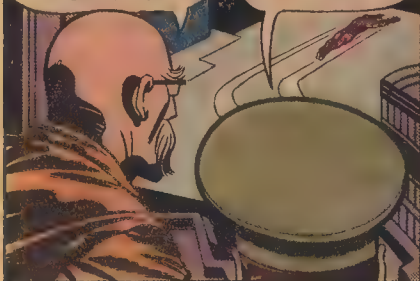




BUT, THERE ARE INTERESTED WITNESSES TO HIS DEPARTURE...

WE CAN'T KEEP *THAT* KIND OF BIRD IN A CAGE, KRAGG! HE NEEDS *ALL* THE SPACE HE CAN GET!

HE'LL TAKE IT BY *FORCE* IF HE HAS TO! YOU'VE JUST RELEASED A WORLD MENACE, DOCTOR!



YOU'LL LIVE TO RUE THIS DAY, BROADHURST! WE'LL SEE HOW YOU FEEL WHEN THE *REPORTS* COME IN! REPORTS OF INJURY -- AND *DEATH*!

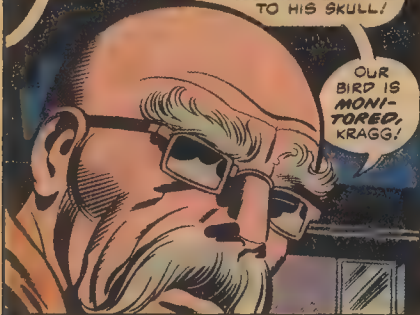
DON'T PANIC, KRAGG... I'M *NOT* THE FOOL YOU TAKE ME FOR. THIS IS A *CONTROLLED* EXPERIMENT!



I-I *DON'T* UNDERSTAND! FILL ME IN!

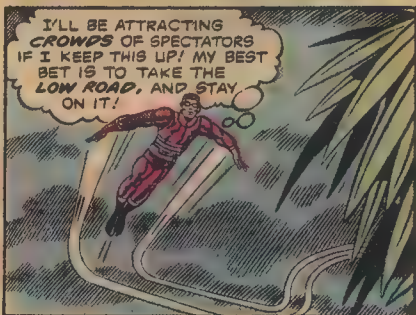
WHEN HIS FACE WAS WELDED, I ORDERED AN *M-4* TECHNIQUE! IT MEANT TO AFFIX A *HOMING* DEVICE TO HIS SKULL!

OUR BIRD IS *MONITORED*, KRAGG!

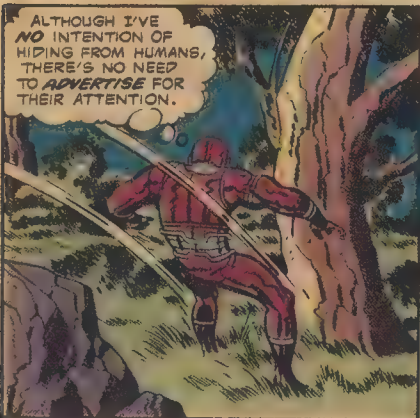


THE THOUGHTS OF X-51 NO LONGER DWELL ON THE RESEARCH INSTITUTE. HE *SAVORS* THE JOY OF FLIGHT AND THEN REFLECTS ON THE *WISDOM* OF THIS METHOD OF TRAVEL ...

I'LL BE ATTRACTING *CROWDS* OF SPECTATORS IF I KEEP THIS UP! MY BEST BET IS TO TAKE THE *LOW ROAD*, AND STAY ON IT!



ALTHOUGH I'VE *NO* INTENTION OF HIDING FROM HUMANS, THERE'S NO NEED TO *ADVERTISE* FOR THEIR ATTENTION.



WHAT I NEED NOW IS -- *DIRECTION*... A PLAN.



AS IF IN ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM
PLAGUING X-51, THE MONOLITH
APPEARS...

WHA--?! IT'S
THE STRANGE
OBJECT THAT
MATERIALIZED
IN THE CELL! *

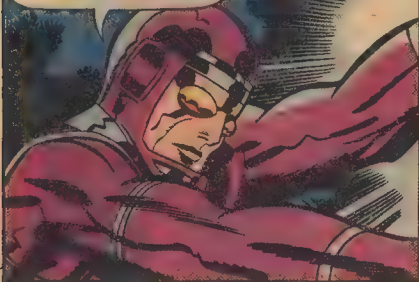
* THAT WAS
LAST ISSUE...
REMEMBER?
J.K.

IT'S NATURE IS UNFATHOMABLE. BUT THERE IS
NO DENYING THAT CONTACT WITH IT HAD
HELPED HIM TO ESCAPE. HE APPROACHES
THE THING WITHOUT FEAR...



THERE IS NO EXCHANGE OF WORDS,
BUT THERE IS COMMUNICATION...

NO--I SHALL **NOT** SEEK
DESTINY. IT WILL FIND
ME--AND **LEAD** ME TO
MY DESTINED PATH!

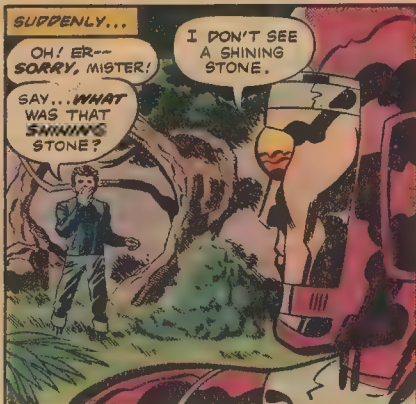


SUPPENLY...

OH! ER--
SORRY, MISTER!

I DON'T SEE
A SHINING
STONE.

SAY... **WHAT**
WAS THAT
SHINING
STONE?



I--IT'S GONE, NOW, BUT
I'M SURE I SAW...

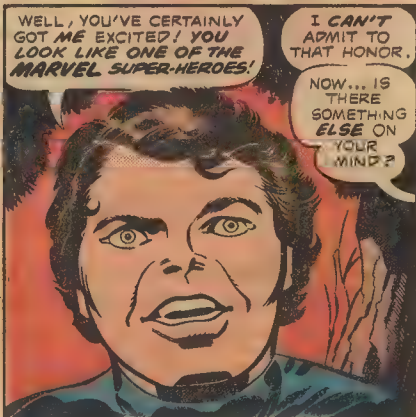
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU SAW,
FELLA--AT
ANY RATE, I'VE
LITTLE
INTEREST IN
YOUR FANCIES!

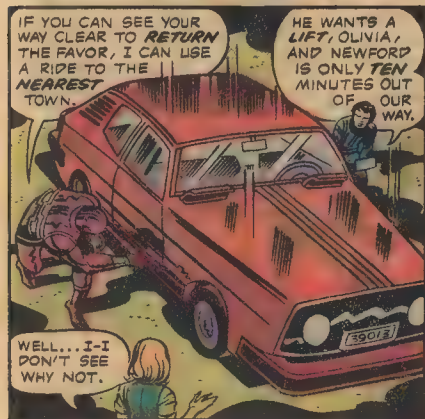
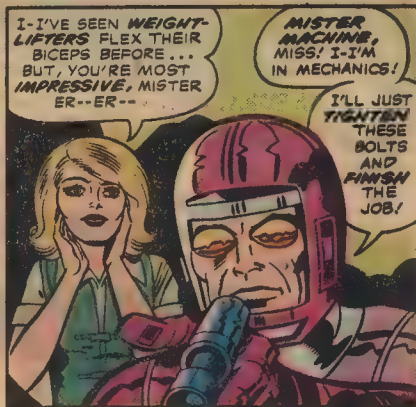
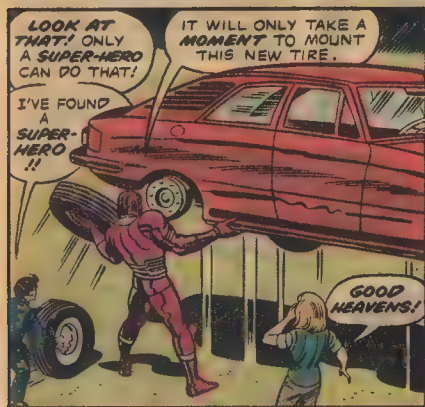
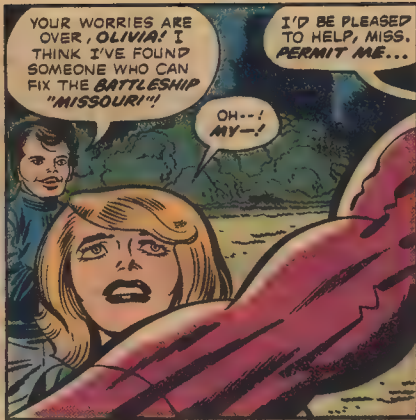
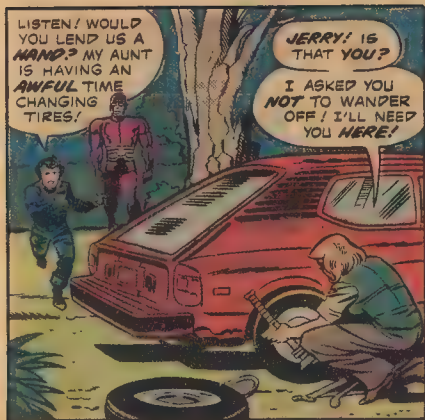


WELL, YOU'VE CERTAINLY
GOT ME EXCITED! YOU
LOOK LIKE ONE OF THE
MARVEL SUPER-HEROES!

I **CAN'T**
ADMIT TO
THAT HONOR.

NOW... IS
THERE
SOMETHING
ELSE ON
YOUR
MIND?





BUT DESTINY IS CAPABLE OF STREWING ONE'S
PATH WITH SEEDS OF EVIL WHEN THE FUTURE
BECKONS BRIGHTEST...

MY VIGILANCE HAS
PAID OFF HANDSOMELY,
KRINGE. IT SEEMS THAT
ONE OF THE RUMORED
"X-MODELS" ESCAPED
DESTRUCTION!

I-IT SEEMS
THAT WAY,
MISTER
HOTLINE!



I-I'LL KEEP PACE
WITH HIM AT A
DISCREET DISTANCE.
IF OUR QUARRY IS
THE REAL ARTICLE,
HE MAY BE
EQUIPPED TO
DETECT
OUR PRESENCE!

ALL TOO TRUE!
BUT WE ARE
NEVER WITHOUT
PROTECTION--
ARE WE, KRINGE?

THOSE WHO SERVE
ME KEEP
CLOSE AT HAND--
LIKE DOGS ON
A LEASH!



GOOD THINKING, KRINGE! I LIKE
A MAN WHO DOUBTS UNTIL HE'S
CERTAIN! BUT, I HAVE THE POWER
TO REMOVE THAT DOUBT! I SHALL
SUBMIT HIM TO AN
UNSHAKABLE TEST!

FOLLOW THAT
CAR, KRINGE!

Y-YES SIR!
AT ONCE!

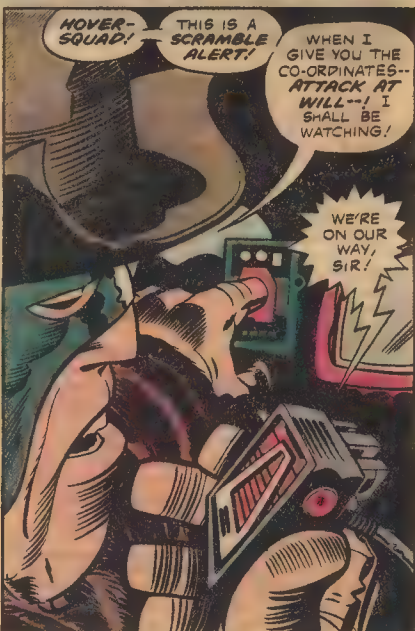


HOVER-
SQUAD!

THIS IS A
SCRAMBLE
ALERT!

WHEN I
GIVE YOU THE
CO-ORDINATES--
ATTACK AT
WILL--! I
SHALL BE
WATCHING!

WE'RE
ON OUR
WAY,
SIR!



HIS HUMAN COMPANIONS ARE UNABLE TO HEAR THE CRACKLE OF RADIO-WAVES COURISING THROUGH THE AIR, BUT X-51 PICKS THEM UP IMMEDIATELY...

THAT WAS AN ODD SIGNAL! --A GARBLED SOUND ON A FREQUENCY LEVEL OF INFINITE REFINEMENT!

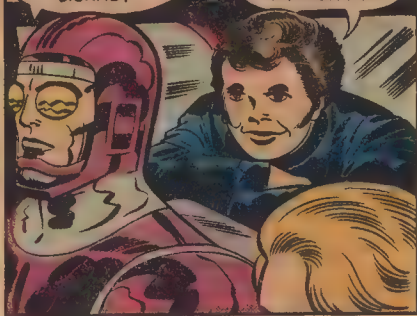
WHAT'RE YOU LISTENING TO SUPERHERO? ARE YOU EXPECTING A MESSAGE FROM THE AVENGERS--OR MAYBE THE FANTASTIC FOUR?!

JERRY! PLEASE--!



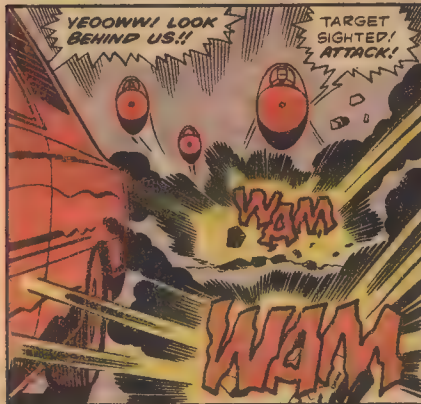
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MISS. THE FACT IS THAT MY--ER--EAR-PHONES DID REACT TO SOME SORT OF SIGNAL!

I KNEW IT--! THERE'S ACTION BREWING! MY GUESS IS THAT DOCTOR DOOM IS AFTER HIM!

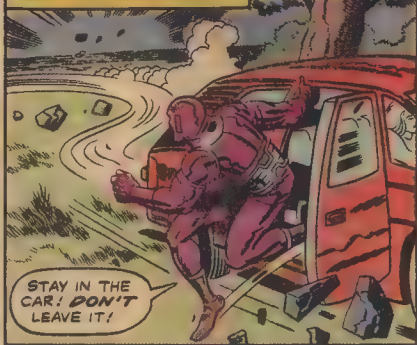


YEOOWW! LOOK BEHIND US!!

TARGET SIGHTED! ATTACK!



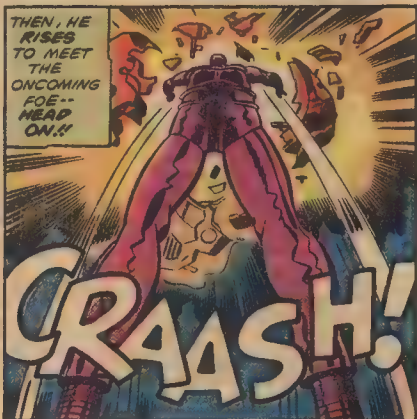
AS THE CAR IS DRIVEN OFF THE ROAD TO AVOID DANGER, X-51 LEAPS OUT TO MEET THE CHALLENGE...



HE RUSHES DIRECTLY INTO THE PATH OF THE ATTACKERS. HIS FOOT SHAFTS DIG INTO THE GROUND TO GAIN FIRM ANCHORAGE...



THEN, HE RISES TO MEET THE ONCOMING FOE-- HEAD ON!!



X-51
COMPLETELY
DEMOLISHES
THE
FIRST
CRAFT.
HE
RETRACTS
QUICKLY,
AS
ONE
OF
THE
OTHERS
LANDS
NEARBY...

THAT GOON
REALLY WANTS
TO MAKE A
FIGHT
OF IT!

THAT'S A
SONIC
WEAPON HE'S
CARRYING!
I CAN'T LET
HIM USE IT!

YOUR LUCK'S RUN
OUT, IRONPANTS!
I'M GONNA PUNCTURE
YOUR THINK-TANK!

WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, X-51'S RIGHT EYE
LENS BECOMES A SNIPER-SCOPE, AIMED
SHARPLY
AT HIS
ASSAILANT...

A SHOCK WAVE OF SAVAGE INTENSITY
STRIKES HIS TARGET...

FZOOM!

THESE PUM-PUMS ARE *UNEQUAL*
TO THE WEAPON-SYSTEM IN MY
FINGERS! BUT... THEY DO
KEEP TRYING!

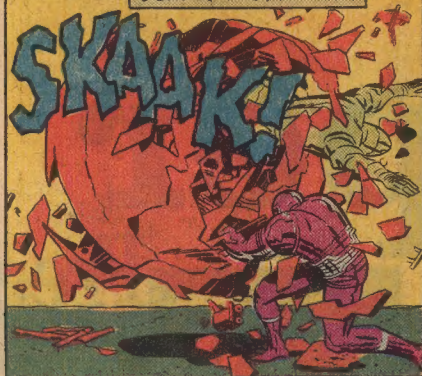
NUMBER *THREE*
IS SPORTING SOME
KIND OF *CANNON!*

THE HOVER-CRAFT CLOSES IN. ITS
HEAVY WEAPON ROARS...

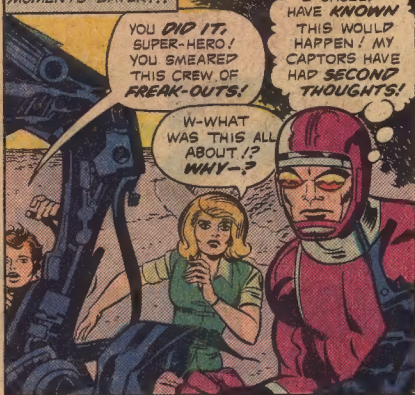
BOOMM!!

THAT ONE
MERELY
SHOOK
ME, SWINE!
**YOU
LOSE!**

A MIGHTY METAL ARM FLASHES FORWARD IN A DEADLY ARC, UNTIL...



MOMENTS LATER...



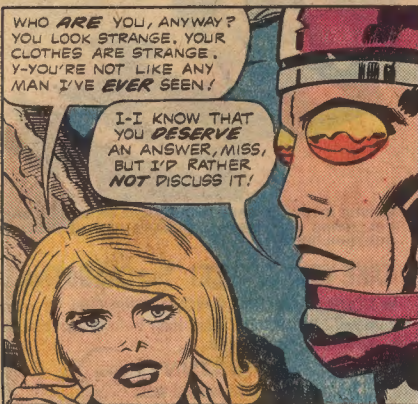
YOU **DID IT**, SUPER-HERO! YOU SMEARED THIS CREW OF **FREAK-OUTS!**

I SHOULD HAVE **KNOWN** THIS WOULD HAPPEN! MY CAPTORS HAVE HAD **SECOND THOUGHTS!**

W-WHAT WAS THIS ALL ABOUT!? **WHY--?**

WHO **ARE** YOU, ANYWAY? YOU LOOK STRANGE, YOUR CLOTHES ARE STRANGE. Y-YOU'RE NOT LIKE ANY MAN I'VE **EVER** SEEN!

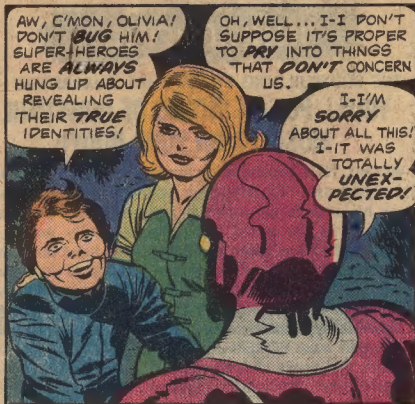
I-I KNOW THAT YOU **DESERVE** AN ANSWER, MISS, BUT I'D RATHER **NOT** DISCUSS IT!



AW, C'MON, OLIVIA! DON'T **BUG** HIM! SUPER-HEROES ARE **ALWAYS** HUNG UP ABOUT REVEALING THEIR **TRUE** IDENTITIES!

OH, WELL... I-I DON'T SUPPOSE IT'S PROPER TO **PAY** INTO THINGS THAT **DON'T** CONCERN US.

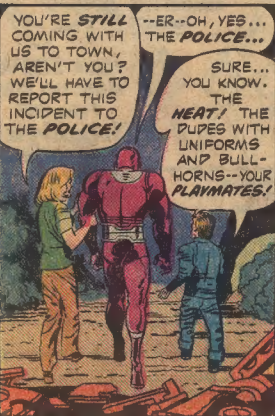
I-I'M **SORRY** ABOUT ALL THIS! I-IT WAS **TOTALLY UNEX-PECTED!**



YOU'RE **STILL** COMING WITH US TO TOWN, AREN'T YOU? WE'LL HAVE TO REPORT THIS INCIDENT TO THE **POLICE!**

--ER--OH, YES... THE **POLICE...**

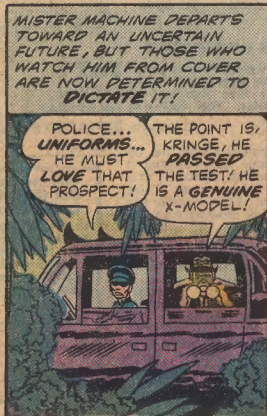
SURE... YOU KNOW. THE **HEAT!** THE PUPES WITH UNIFORMS AND BULL-HORNS--YOUR **PLAYMATES!**



MISTER MACHINE DEPARTS TOWARD AN UNCERTAIN FUTURE, BUT THOSE WHO WATCH HIM FROM COVER ARE NOW DETERMINED TO **DICTATE IT!**

POLICE... **UNIFORMS...** HE MUST **LOVE** THAT PROSPECT!

THE POINT IS, KRINGE, HE **PASSED** THE TEST! HE IS A **GENUINE** X-MODEL!



DOES A MACHINE HAVE A SOUL? THAT QUESTION LEADS TO ACTION NEVER SEEN BEFORE! **STAND BY FOR--**

HOME TO HEROES

MONOLITH MAIL

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 575 MADISON AVE. N.Y.C. 10022

MONOLOGUE ON A MONOLITH

Thus far, the outspoken opinions of Marveldom Assembled are anything but monolithic. Some are simply senses-stunned by King Kirby's wog-boggling treatment of the wondrous 2001 theme; others, unfortunately, are still holdouts—ever hopeful of further imaginative embellishment.

We have but one comment of our own to add: *Awk!*

Now that we've got that out of our system, let's take a letterial-retrospective look at Jack's "new journey to the stars—and beyond!"

Hail, Jack Kirby!

You have done for comics that which has never been achieved in any other medium. You have facilitated an intellectual breakthrough in the realm of science fiction and have led us to the extreme conclusion that you are the foremost literary/artistic talent to emerge within the last ten or so years. Your rendition of 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY far surpasses the work of Kubrick and Clarke, both in rational and spiritual content.

Issue #3 was stupendous; the symbolism evident in Marak the Merciless conveys a universal truth implicit in the formation of the New Seed and necessary for the continuing existence of Menkind. Your subtle catharsis of the Monolith with the barbaric existence of the "primitives" exemplifies the eternal conflict of future and past. The entire storyline was a well polished piece of fine craftsmanship.

Congratulations! Keep up the good work!

Mark Andrew Malamud and Cary Hammer
49 East 98th Street
New York, NY 10028

Dear Marvel,

You know, I've read three issues of 2001, along with letters and text pages, and I've yet to see the point of the magazine. It's obviously not meant to entertain by providing just pure action and adventure, like many super-hero titles. There's more to it than that. Yet what is really being attempted is vague enough that it escapes me. Cohesiveness suffers because of the lack of continuing characters (unless you want to count the Monolith!). In the case of the Marak story running over into issue #4, I'm going to guess that once he reaches "fetal godhood," we won't see him again, either. But what really bothers me, I guess, is that, in my opinion, the original 2001 said it all, and Kirby's monthly efforts thus far have

only been monotonous reiterations of that same theme. We've been introduced to some rather uninspiring candidates for "fetal godhood," but, other than that, nothing new has been said. It seems that if the purpose of the magazine is more than just pure action, which I'm sure it is, and if it's really trying to comment on the relationship between man and "space gods," then that comment has already been made. Arthur C. Clarke made it, and Stanley Kubrick brought it to the cinema world. Kirby's making much the same comment in many other books he's writing. So, c'mon, guys! Let's not beat the issue to death! I sincerely hope to see some diversity in the content of 2001. I'd be the first to agree that there is much room for good science fiction in the comic industry today, but GOOD science fiction is not redundant!

Mike Christiansen
704 S. Third Street
Rookford, IL 61108

It seems, friend Mike, that you and Mark & Cary have a fundamental difference of opinion as regards the relative merit of our latest science fictional undertaking—namely, 2001 as interpreted by Jack Kirby. You're all probably right—each in your own way—'cause the key word is interpretation. Just as Jack is interpreting 2001, so each and every reader is interpreting Jack's work. In the end, it can be argued that anyone's personal opinion in the matter is as valid as that of anyone else. However, opinions change—and we're hoping that you'll stick around, Mike, and get a good look at the diversity developing in this sensational series.

Who knows—chances are you'll grow to like what you see!

Dear Marvel:

Quite frankly, when I read the next issue blurb in 2001 #4 and learned that the following issue would feature Norton of New York, I was riding high on imagination, ensconced firmly on my own private dream machine of excitement (if you know what I mean).

Issue #5 is a bully of an idea, a comics commando performance in creativity by Jack Kirby and Mike Royer, and I'm making the most of it! Norton is nifty, and seems to be somewhat of a sportster (or am I reading too much into the concept?). This installment of the on-going 2001 saga turned out to be as wild as a two-wheeled ride into oblivion! I hope the next 850 issues are as inspiring.

Keep up the fine tradition, Jack!

N. V. Triumph
1901-77 English Drive
Classic, Ontario, Canada

**THE
HULK!
NIGHTHAWK!
VALKYRIE!
and MARVEL'S
MIGHTIEST
GUEST-
STARS...**

EVERY MONTH IN

**THE
DEFENDERS**



**EXPECT THE
UNEXPECTED
WITH THE MOST
STARTLING
NON-GROUP
IN COMICS
HISTORY!**

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

scanned by *Wizard*

